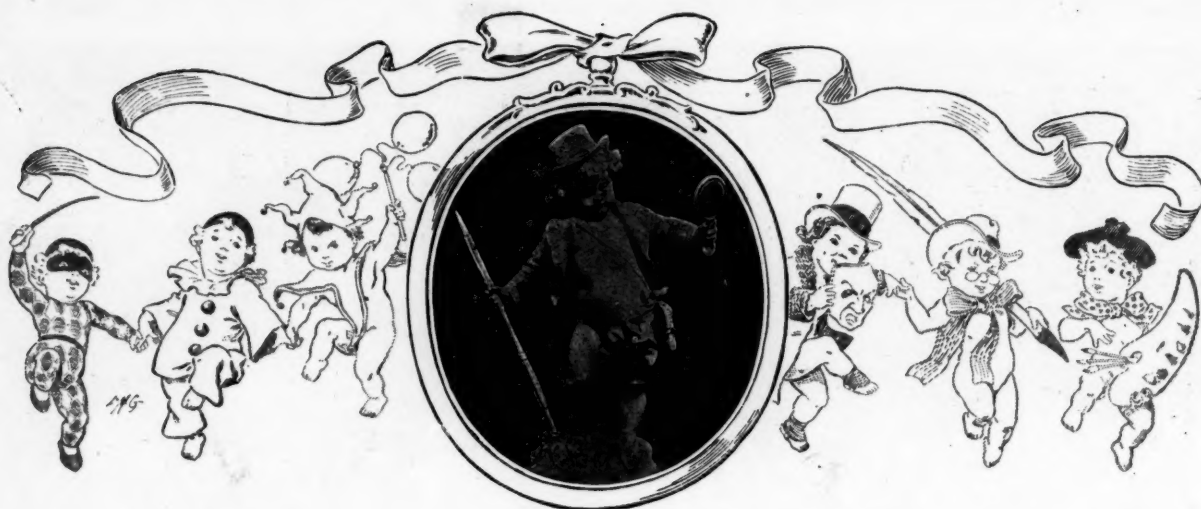


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SHADRACH, MESHACH, AND ABEDNEGO.

WILL THE HISTORY OF THE FIERY FURNACE REPEAT ITSELF?

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

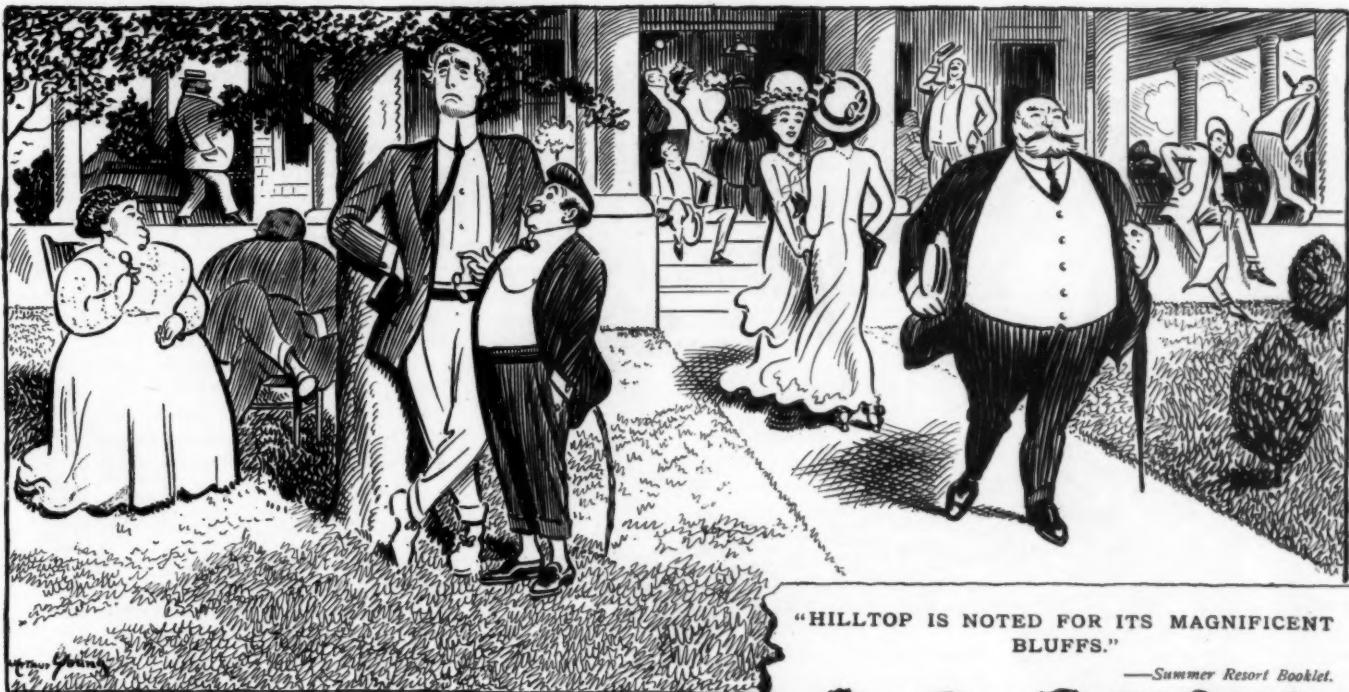
THE ignorance of the average city man on certain vital topics is amazing. Here we read the other day of a New York citizen who thought that money sometimes was used to corrupt city officials and to urge them along paths neither straight nor narrow. The man made flippant use of the word "fix." He said he had always understood that any city official could be "fixed" if sufficient money was displayed. And when he was assured by a city official—quite a big one—that such was not the case, and that money could never, never swerve a city official from the beaten trail of duty, this plain citizen of New York seemed dazed and showed symptoms of vertigo. We dare say there are quite a few other citizens of this town who labor under the same mistaken notion, namely, that money—big rolls of yellow money—figures in dark dealings whereby city officials benefit. The wise ones, of

course, know differently. *They* know that there are daintier and less crude ways of "fixing." For instance, if you are a "rich malefactor" in the contracting business and quite mysteriously you see some rival bids for city work in advance of the day set for opening, you may show your gratitude to a city official by carrying a block of stock for him, he taking the profits. Or, if you learn in some unaccountable manner that the city is going to acquire certain land for a park, and you buy that land cheap from its unsuspecting owners and sell it shortly to the city for a neat sum, you can carry some of that land—in your own name, of course—for the city official who gave you the tip. And there are many other ways; most of them subtle, all of them artistic, and none of them vulgar, as the passing of money in its raw state would certainly be. It is odd, to say the least, how such blundering ideas get into people's heads.



TURKEY'S STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

THE SIGNING OF THE IMMORTAL DECLARATION AT INDEPENDENCE KIOSK, CONSTANTINOPLE.



"HILLTOP IS NOTED FOR ITS MAGNIFICENT BLUFFS."

—Summer Resort Booklet.

INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION.

A FISHY APOLOGUE, BY MY GUIDE.

AS LAZY as po'try-writin' a Sucker was loafin' roun',
When out come a Dace, a-kitin', an' gobbled that Sucker down.
Sez I to the Dace: "Tarnation! my friend, but I'm on to you;
You're floatin' a Corporation—with plenty of water, too!"

Then up flashed a Trout—a dandy! an' opened his mouth
so wide

That down went the Dace like candy,
with all that he had inside.

Sez I, as he tuk his ration: "Now,
is n't that Trout jest great?

He's formin' a Com-bi-na-tion or
Limited Syn-di-cate!"

I rigged up my fishin' tackle, an' cast on
the ripplin' flow
An "ibis" an' "silver hackle," which landed
the Trout jest so!
I et him that noon for dinner, an' laughed till
I nearly bust
A-tellin' myself: "You sinner, I guess you're
a Wicked Trust!"

Arthur Guiterman.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR glowered across the
table at his favorite queen.

"This alfalfa," he snarled, "is posi-
tively raw!"

Showing that, though customs change,
moods, humanly speaking, do not; while
manners, in the phases thereof which respond
to occasions of constant recurrence, exhibit in
their essentials an equal immutability.

CAUSE FOR PRIDE.

FIRST CONVICT.—What's 107 so swelled up
about?

SECOND DITTO.—The prison critics have
just put him on the All-Criminal team for 1909.

THEY ALL DO.

WHEN HE finished his Freshman year he thought that he would
begin as far down on the commercial ladder as first vice-
president, for he knew that by hard work and application he could
fight his way to the topmost rung.

When his Sophomore year was over he believed that it would
be really the best for him to go in as Western field-manager. A
taste of the West would do him good, anyhow.

When he had completed the Junior year he
decided that he would be content to
accept the position of chief clerk, as
a future president should know all
the details of his business.

When his degree was given him
he went out and applied for a job,
just as anybody else would.

THE NATIONAL SHAMBLES.

IN THE first inning," read Mr.
Fanleigh, "after Wild Bill Don-
nelly had mowed the first Tiger
down and killed Swartz with three
sizzers, he went up in the air and
presented McGinnity with four bad
ones. Hogan, the next man up,
gave the spectators heart-failure with
a wicked bingle. After a double steal,
Doyle expired at the plate and the two
Tigers died on the bases——"

"Stop right there, Hiram!" inter-
rupted Mrs. Fanleigh. "Not another word
of that murderous, stealing game before the
children! And if you ever spend another
fifty cents on baseball I'll put your whole
monthly allowance in the foreign missionary
collection!"

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

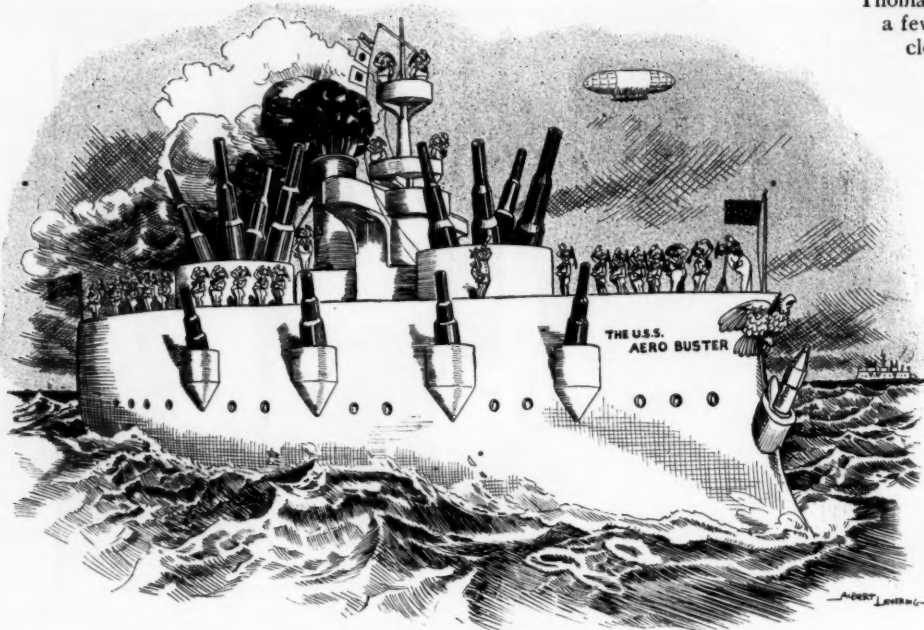
POLL CLERK.—Mary Gladys Jarley
votes ballot number two hundred and——

M. G. J.—Oh, wait a moment,
please! Give me that back! I want to
add a postscript.

PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY.—If this alarming
increase in the divorce rate continues,
twenty years from now the institution of the
home will no longer exist in America.

PRACTICAL STUDENT.—How is that,
Professor? They all marry again, don't they?

**Poetry is the art of putting words together in such a way as to give them their
least possible commercial value.**



VERTICAL WARFARE.

VIEW OF THE FUTURE BATTLESHIP, NOW THAT NAVAL EXPERTS ARE DEVISING DEFENCES AGAINST WAR-BALLOONS.

AS USUAL.

HE bought a hoe, a rake, a spade,
Some little seeds to sow.
At last he got the garden made
And saw the green things grow.

He work'd the rows and beds each day;
Each little plant he knew,
And as he smiled and sweat away
Oh, joy! how fast they grew.

No floods came down to wash things out,
No frosts to kill or blight;
No neighbor's chickens scratched about;
No kine strayed in at night.

Each seed he planted did its best
And not a one did rot—
No other garden, east or west,
Such veg'tables begot.

But still this man did not enjoy
These veg'tables so new,
For every night a neighbor's boy
Stole what the garden grew.
Don Cameron Shafer.

CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE is something that takes about forty years of one's life to understand.

The first ten years you admit it; the next ten you deprecate it; the third ten you wrestle with it, and the fourth ten you control it. After that you become a self-respecting citizen and achieve your greatest success.

Conscience is something within us which makes us afraid to steal enough to keep us out of jail. When we get over this timidity we are all right.

The New England Conscience was born in the Back Bay, went to school at Harvard in the early days, lived in Concord, and died in the New Hampshire legislature. The New York Conscience was left in swaddling-clothes on the steps of Tammany Hall. It was tenderly cared for and reared by Tweed and Croker, and is now watched over by Theodore Shonts and

Thomas Ryan. It can be seen on election days for a few moments. At all other times it is kept in close confinement.

The Pennsylvania Conscience was brought over by William Penn. Benjamin Franklin electrified it and afterward Matthew Stanley Quay electrocuted it.

The Western Conscience, however, is still alive. It elects a President occasionally, keeps Wall Street down, and makes us feel ashamed of Congress.

Conscience has been defined as a still, small voice. This is generally correct, for the voice is almost always still, and has to be seen through a magnifying glass.

The Harriman Conscience is now dominant. It consists of about nine-tenths water to one of railroad stocks. And most of it is listed on the Stock Exchange, where it commands a high premium.

BARBER-SHOP REPORTEE.

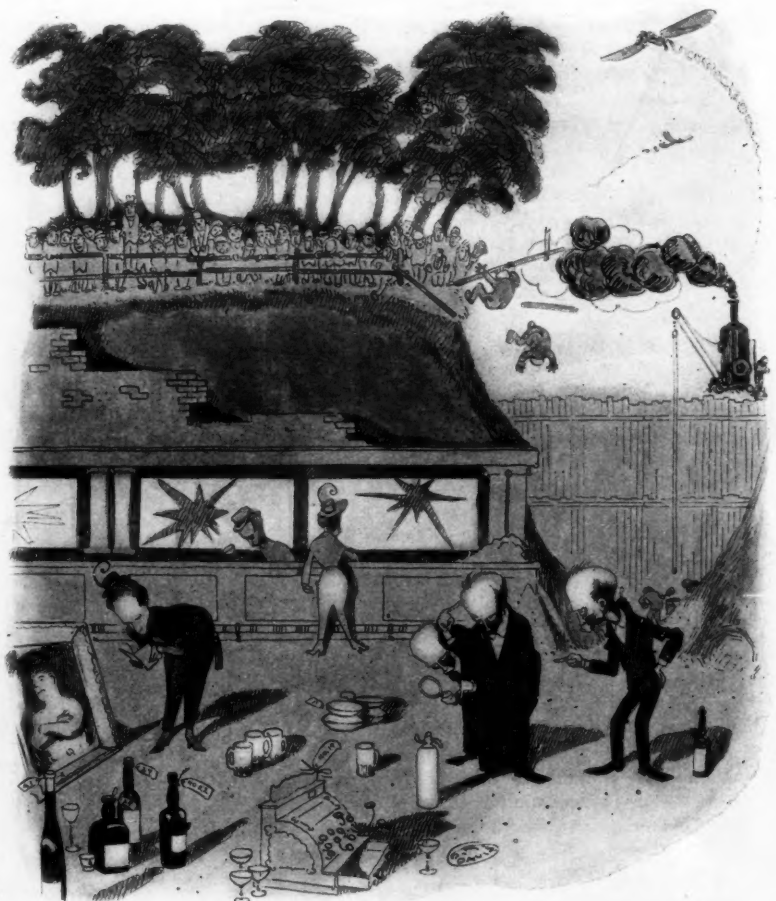
CUSTOMER (*having face steamed*).—Gee whiz! that towel is hot!

BARBER.—Yes, I know; but I could n't hold it any longer.

WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT?

"Do you ever write on an empty stomach?" asked the mere man.

"Sir!" exclaimed the literary person, "I am a poet, not a tattoo artist!"



WHEN THE WORLD HAS VOTED "DRY."

EXCAVATING BURIED RUINS OF AN ANCIENT SALOON IN THE YEAR 2008 A.D.

Even if you think that what is to be will be, there is no harm in trying to make it what it ought to be.



GRAND STREET'S "SIX BEST SELLERS."

TESTING THE WIRE.



HELLO, Central!"

"Number——"

"Now, just a minute. This is A-one-double-six-three talking. I am Mrs. Withbrave herself, and I want to make a complaint about my telephone. Before I give you the number which I want to call, I wish to tell you that there is something wrong with our wire. Of course, we do not propose to keep paying for the use of a telephone when the service is so poor. In the first place, I do not make over thirty calls a day, and whenever I am right in the middle of a conversation the connection is suddenly severed and I am left talking away without anyone at the other end of the line. As you probably know, this will not do. It not only puts me in an embarrassing position, but frequently when I am attending to a matter of the utmost importance I am compelled to give it up altogether, merely because I cannot—— Exchange! Exchange! Can you hear me now?"

"Yes, I hear you; but if you have a complaint to——"

"Well, I was afraid that you were not on the line, and I was talking to mere space. As I was saying, the wire running to my 'phone is in an imperfect condition, probably, or maybe I do not know anything about it. I do know, however, that I have all sorts of trouble, and feel that I am justified in making a complaint. Only yesterday I was talking to Mrs. Babyfoot, a neighbor of mine. Of course you have heard of her? She recently secured a divorce from her husband, who is a prominent hardware dealer, and is said to be well-to-do. ... Oh, yes, she secured alimony. ... I was telling her about the reception which Mrs. Redleaf, who lives on Board Avenue, is going to give, and how I had been invited to receive. She had just informed me that she was not even invited, and I had replied to the effect that people who mix up in divorce suits are frequently left out of the best social events,



JUVENILE GRATITUDE.

"WHEREAS, Willie Jones was kind enough to get the measles; and

"WHEREAS, school was closed three days in consequence; therefore be it

"RESOLVED, that we, his classmates, hereby extend to the said Willie Jones a vote of our heartfelt thanks.

when there was a sudden burring in my ear and my connection was cut off.

Now, I took particular care to call up Central and ask for Mrs. Babyfoot's number, but I could never get her again. I want you to understand that this is inexcusable. If the telephone had been in good working order such a thing would never happen, and the very next day when I met my neighbor on the street she spoke to me rather coldly merely because of the incident. I suppose she thought that

I had hung up the receiver while she was conversing; but you know that I would

not be so impolite. Really,

I think your company should make some sort of explanation to Mrs. Babyfoot, but no doubt that is impossible, for a soulless corporation has no consideration for the feelings of people. Another instance—— Central! are you listening? Can you understand what I am saying?"

"Yes, I hear; but——"

"As I was about to remark, I 'phoned my husband two days ago at his office and had some more trouble with the wires. The reason I called him up was to tell him to be sure and bring me home ten cents' worth of baby ribbon. It took me some time to explain to him exactly where

to go and how to identify the proper shade of ribbon, because I intended to use it on a new dress I am having made by a prominent dressmaker. She is Madame Bulwark. I suppose you have heard of her. She is one of the best modistes in the community, and has a reputation among the social set. Well, to go back to the subject, I must have talked to my husband for five minutes, going into details about the purchase, and when he came home in the evening he did not have the ribbon! He told me emphatically that he did not understand a word I said over the 'phone! You can readily see, then, that there is something the matter with our line, and it should be given attention. You know perfectly well, too, that the only reason housekeepers have telephones is to save them little trips to the grocery and to the store so they won't wear themselves out dressing every time they want to run some errand and——are you certain that you know what I am——"

"Yes, I hear. If you will tell me the number you want, I will make the connection."

"No. I do not care to make the call now. The 'phone seems to be working very well to-day, although it has been behaving wretchedly. Maybe you had better just drop the complaint now, and we will say no more about it. I merely wanted to call you up, Central, to make a personal test of the wire to see if it was working properly."

John H. McNeely.



NON-COLLIDING HATS.

FOR TWINS.

HOW THEY SPANK 'EM.



EPHEMERAL NEW YORK.



ONE of the great troubles about New York is that it is constantly changing. One never knows where to find it when one is looking for it. You leave it lying around when you go away and say: "There, now, don't move until I get back. I won't be long." And when you do come back—if it's only a week—you find that New York has been into all kinds of mischief, and it's almost someone else.

The principal difficulty with New York is that it cannot keep still. It is trying constantly to improve itself, and only making itself worse all the time.

The people in New York are never staying there. The buildings are constantly being torn down and others put up in their places. What do we mean, then, by saying that we like or dislike New York, as the case may be, when we don't even know what it is; when we could n't locate it for any length of time, and when that collection of people who have grouped themselves together, and represent New York in our minds, are constantly falling away and being renewed by others totally different?

If we declare, on the other hand, that New York is not this at all, but that it is simply the mass of people who go to make it up, even then we are all at sea; for no matter how many times we may observe them, they are always posed differently.

Nothing is permanent. We select from the mass a particular restaurant. We struggle for a time to create in it a little home atmosphere for ourselves until the people in it come to know us. When, lo! one day the head-waiter is superseded by another; the hat-boy

has been replaced, the proprietor has been bought out by a syndicate, and once more we are high and dry.

The most that can be said about New York is that it is a small island, with a birth notice at one end and an obituary column at the other, with railroads on the side, and that those people who don't escape by the railroads are coming from the one and trying to put off getting to the other as long as they possibly can.

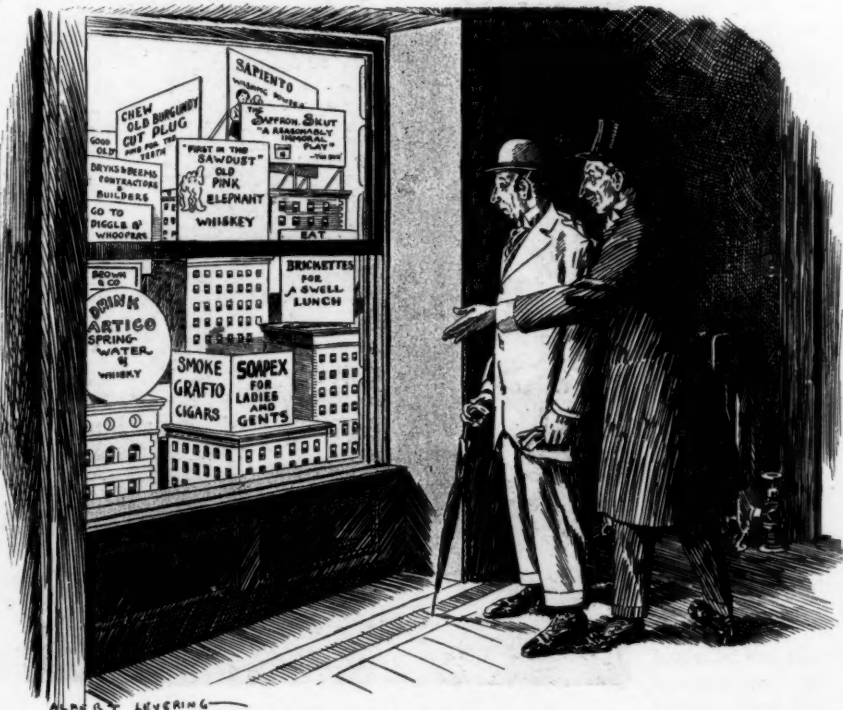
New York is a name. By any other it would probably be just as expensive.

T. L. Masson.



MISLEADING.

THE BEE.—Z-z-stung! I thought I'd found the hive.



THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

AGENT (to flat hunter).—No, sir, you may go all over New York, from the Bronx to the Battery, and you won't find as fine a view as this! Some of the greatest ads. in town you can read from this window, and at night!—Say, you ought to see the electric signs!

THE MARS HABIT.

ON JUNE 2nd, Dr. Jasper Jenkinson, President of the University of Western Oklahoma, will make a desperate attempt to communicate with Mars.

At nightfall, under cheer-leader F. Raymond Hoskinson, '09, the entire student body will assemble on the campus and give the college yell three times in unison.

During the intent silence following, President Jenkinson confidently expects to hear a come-back from some Martian university.

"There is no reason why the experiment should fail," says President Jenkinson, "though since Mars has advanced far beyond us in civilization, her college cheers are doubtless more complicated than our own, and may be made up of algebraic symbols or chemical equations instead of the conventional rah-sis-booms. But once we have exchanged yells, it will not be long before we will be exchanging pennants and football dates."

President Jenkinson is well known as an aggressive professional optimist.

Almost any paper nowadays.

MOST of us see very little to admire in our friends' friends.

PUCK



NO PIKERS WANTED.

PROFESSOR SALLOW.—I wish to marry your daughter, sir. I have a chair in Johns Hopkins.

PARENT.—And I suppose you will look to *me* for the rest of the furniture! No, sir; you can't have her until you can furnish a flat!

PROVOCATION.

SHO'LY, Judge, I owns up dat I's guilty — 'knowledges de cawn, sah," said a notorious colored citizen who was charged with assault and battery. "I done saturated de gen'leman; did, fer a fac'! But dar was exterminatin' succumstances—yassah, exterminatin' succumstances. In de fust place, the offendant am muh father-in-de-law, an' in the second place, I was uh-standin' in front of de sto' an' dar was a rack o' base-ball bats right to muh hand, an' muh relation was uh-passin' wid a skawnful smile on his countenance; an' de compercation was too much for muh eekernimerty, an' I des rotched out an assuaged one o' dem dar ball-bats, I did, an' uh-usin' of muh father-in-de-law's nappy head for a ball, I lined out dess about de pur'est fou'-bagger yo' ever witnessed, an' den made a home-run. Well-uh, dat's what I done, Yo' Honah, an' I dunnuh as I disregets it so pow'ful much, needer, considerin' of the surrounderin's uh-bearin' on de eppersode, sah."

ROSY OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

OH, Rosy's in the chorus, in the chorus, don't you know; She elevates the drama when she swings her saucy toe. While Marcia's a patrician from her head to dainty toes; I'm very fond of Marcia, which is likewise true of Rose. But why is it, I wonder, tho' both of them possess An equal grace in form and face, I hesitate to press My suit on her who has besides both wealth and pedigree? Ah, Rosy of the footlights, you've infatuated me.

Oh, Betty's been to college, she was "finished" in Paree; But down at the Casino Rose was handed *her* degree; And Betty is the mistress of a dozen limousines, When Rosy takes a taxicab it's way beyond *her* means. Then tell me what obsession leads a young man to prefer A chorus maid each night arrayed for public view, to her Whose dainty charm of person might be his exclusively? Ah, Rosy of the footlights, you've infatuated me.

Kitty speaks the tongues of France, of Spain, and Italy; But Rosy talks Manhattan, which is good enough for me. And Kitty's traveled everywhere, from 'Frisco to Bombay; It's on a tour of 'one-night stands' when Rosy goes away. But I prefer Schenectady when Rosy's playing there To all the courts and foreign ports there are, will be, or were; And even chorus slang's assumed a sort of harmony— Ah, Rosy of the footlights, you've infatuated me.

Oh, Rosy, little Rosy, is it *you* for whom I care, Or is it just the glamour and the glitter and the glare? The languor of the music, and the spotlight's dazzling ray, The magic of the footlights which is holding *me* in sway? There's Marcia, Kit, and Betty, each one's surpassing fair; Each one's a catch the town can't match, but ah, my heart's elsewhere, With you, dear, in your tinsel world of song and revelry— Ah, Rosy of the footlights, you've infatuated me.

Arthur D. Pratt.

BLEECKER.—Do you believe there is room at the top? **H**OUSTON.—There is at the top of the tax list. The fellows there always seem to manage to get their names removed.



SEEING HIS COUNTRY.

I.
IMPULSIVE CITIZEN.—By Jove, I *will* do it. A man ought to see his own country, sure enough. Just look at that view of the majestic Rockies! I'll buy the tickets right now.



II.
IMPULSIVE CITIZEN (passing through the majestic Rockies). —Gimme two cards!



THE PUCK PRESS

PROVE

THE SPIRIT OF THE FOREST.—Will you

PUCK



PROTECTION!

E FOREST.—Will you wait until then to admit lumber free?

CALLING HIS BLUFF.

"LOOGY YUH, now, yo' people!" ominously said the traveling evangelist, glaring at the congregation assembled in Ebenezer Chapel. "I's got a few plain, p'int-blank specifications to make to yo', an' den I'm done; gwine to give yo'-all bofe bar'ls straight fum de shoulder, an' den wave far'well. I has been yuh, uh-'spoundin' de Gospel o' salvation in yo' midst, for de last two weeks, an' what has I 'complished? Huh! —on'y six conversions, an' two of dem was ratty old chronics dat comes th'oo every time yo' shout at 'em, an' one was a



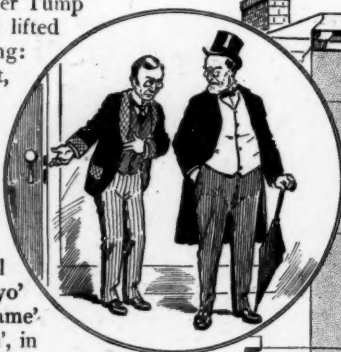
A TRAVELING CRANE.

brudder dat ain't right smaht in his haid! An, den, whuh has I 'rived in muh financials? I has done told yo', in tones o' thunder, dat de Lawd loveth a churful giver, dat yo' shall not muzzle de ox dat tread-eth out de cawn, an' de c'lection ain't nuver been no better dan plumb measly! Now, loogy!—I's uh-gwine to wash muh hands of yo'! I's done muh duty, an' if yo' wants to go to de Pit o' Tawment, dess go on an' go. Go! Claudie, dess po' de watah out'n dat tin cup, dar, on muh hands,

uh-whilst I washes 'em of dis yuh stiff-naked and rebellious generation o' vipers!"

While the wide-eyed little colored lad was timidly obeying the mandate, and most of the congregation sat aghast at the dramatic climax, up rose block-shaped Brother Tump in their midst, and lifted up his voice, saying:

"Fust an' fo'most, sah, I wants to nominate dat if yo'd po' mo' watah into dat flappin' mouf o' yo'n, 'stid-uh de nigger gin I hears 'em say yo' is so pow'ful fond of, mebb'y yo' wouldn't talk so blame' wide an' loose! An', in the next place, lemme ax yo', How come yo' has a patent on Salvation, so's nobody kain't use none of it widout payin' yo', huh? Has yo' got a cornder on it, or is de supply givin' out, or what? I has n't yit been informed 'bout no sich-uh c'larity. Den, ag'in, sah, whilst yo' was uh-floatin' 'round on de face o' de yearth, seekin' whom yo' mought devour, who in de dickens done invited yo' to come yuh an' invade us dis-uh-way? Gittin' along, we was, all comf'able an' hunky, under good old Pahson Bagster's homely preachin', an' yuh yo' comes an' bluffs de whole outfit, fum de Pastah down, an' grabs de c'lection, an' goes to frothin' an' snawtin' like a wild hog, an' flings us into de Pit, blood-raw an' screechin', dess uh-kaze yo' don't happen to git as much money as yo' wants. Me, I was a gamblin' man befo' I seed de



I.
OWNER (to dissatisfied tenant).—No; I can't put a new lock on that door. It would cost at least a dollar-seventy-five. I can't be spending money on this place all the time. If you don't like it, you'd better move.

DOOR-KNOB WISE, FRESCO FOOLISH.



II.
MERELY A HINT OF WHAT THE OWNER HAS TO SPEND BEFORE HE CAN GET ANOTHER TENANT.



FUTURE OPERA.

STAGE OF THE METROPOLITAN
IF OUR GRAND OPERA STARS
CONTINUE TO LOSE
THEIR VOICES.

light, an' was also a roustabout wid a circus-show for a spell, an' —consound it!—yo' kain't run nuthin' over me! Had muh way, de answer to dem dar sarcastics yo' flings at us would be to yank yo' out into de woods an' lam yo' wid hick'ries twell yo' tongue hung out! An' I's ready, right now, muh friends, to head an' cap'n a gang to 'ply de remedy to dis yuh loud-moufed scoun'el dat—Well-uh, name o' goodness! De gen'leman has done gone th'oo de winder!"

Tom P. Morgan.

MIXED.

"YOU ARE the sunshine of my life!" he exclaimed.

She smiled encouragingly. Her smile intoxicated him. Like many a wiser man, he didn't know when to stop. "You reign in my heart alone!" he continued.

A frown clouded her brow. "Sunshine? Reign?" she ruminated.

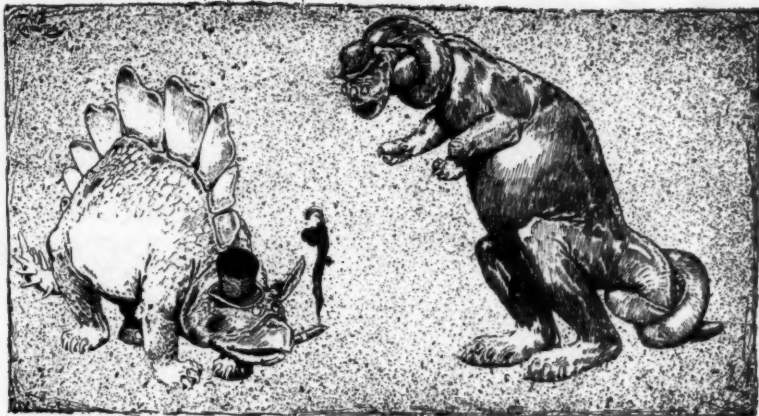
He trembled. "I could never marry a man who mixed his metaphors like a weather prognosticator!" she said, haughtily.

He realized at once that his case was hopeless, and with his straw hat topping his raincoat he staggered out into the night.

BELATED.

"THE sting of the bee is behind." "Just the way with my repartee—I never think of it till the next day."

PUCK



PREHISTORIC REMINDER.

THE POODLESAURUS.—What's the matter with your neck, chum?

THE DINKYSAUR.—M' wife tied a knot in it so I'd remember something she wanted. Tail, too.

OUR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPT.



10,000 TO \$20,000 A YEAR for a few moments of your spare time. Pleasant work,—no experience needed. Send ten cents for sample outfit. LYON MANUFACTURING CO., Muttsville, Ia.

AGENTS.—Livest proposition ever offered. Seventy-five cents an hour to agents handling our Rustling Roquefort. Carry a day's supply in side-pocket. Sales made without showing sample. CHEESEBOROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Skipperville, Ind.

LITTLE DARLING TINCANDESCENT LAMPS.—Don't smoke or go out at night. Every housewife interested. Supply exceeds demand. Agents wanted.

TRIMMER & LEITER, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS make from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year introducing our Imperial Hoop Nanny among their friends. Only requires a few moments of your time. Rockville agent worked three days and then ordered 200. Write at once for Hoop Nanny outfit. A. W. HOOPER, Chicago, Ill.

BUY A BANANA PLANTATION.—You put in \$250 cash and pay \$125 a month as long as you can keep it up. We clear, irrigate, plant land, and harvest all crops and profits. No skin game to slip up on.

BANANA FRITTER INVESTMENT CO., Wall Street, N. Y.

TEN-ACRE TRACTS in the Sandioso Valley, 1,500 miles nearer the markets than points farther off. Warmer in summer and cooler in winter. Highest financial references.

THE STARTLING IMPROVEMENT CO., Lallapaloosa, New Mexico.

LEARN TO PLAY the piano for one dollar in twenty-four hours. Experienced graduates make more. Write at once.

INTERNATIONAL PRESERVATORY OF MUSIC, Boston, Mass.

FOODLESS COOKERS save money. Very economical. No food required. Eliminate grocers' bills. Write for particulars.

COOK & WRIGHT, Baltimore, Md.

VACUUM CLEANER—Fits on the head like a cap. Absorbs dust, dirt, and germs by suction. Does away with sweeping, dusting, and beating.

NEW IDEA MFG. CO., Cogs-in-Noggin, Me.

EIGHTY LOVELY POSTALS—Silk-fringed, perfumed, embossed birthday and floral greetings with your name well frosted for 10 cents.

LOVE'S GARLAND Co., Dept. Jay.

Frank Hill Phillips.

THE NEW BOTANY.

APRIL! and on the shining hills
The ancient miracle of birth;
Lo! God is forging daffodils
Upon the anvil of the earth!

—Harper's Bazaar.

And when the lightning splits the gorge
And shakes the mountain parapets,
The Lord, it would appear, doth forge
A bunch of dainty violets.

THE LIVERY-STABLE DOG.

IT IS VERY doubtful if Colonel Roosevelt will find in all Africa an animal so fearfully and wonderfully made as the common Livery-Stable Dog of our own country.

The Livery-Stable Dog is totally unlike the "Powder-puff" or "Toots and Skigums" dog; but his disposition is infinitely better. To lie on a cushion and growl and snap at the hand that would caress it is considered the height of folly in the Livery-Stable variety.

The Livery-Stable Dog approaches you ingratiatingly, and offers you a dirty paw to shake. After you have shaken it, he solemnly gives you the other. Then he crawls up in your lap and licks you on the mouth.

The Livery-Stable canine is a most industrious digger of holes. The theory is that he is going to lie down in the hole he digs; but he does no such thing. He goes and lies down right in the middle of the sidewalk, where people will have to step over him. He will never get out of anyone's way. He even lies down in the middle of the street, and tries to make carts, wagons, and automobiles avoid him.

He does n't enjoy as large a vocabulary as the Powder-puff or Skigums Dog. A phrase like "Does ums want ums itty bass?" would scare him to death. His advantages have not been such as to acquaint him with such hifalutin' talk; but he does know a few simple phrases like "Git to blazes out of here, you darned pest!" He understands that perfectly!



A BAD INVESTMENT.

MR. MCSHANE (to life-insurance agent).—Begorry, I don't see why I should be handin' youse fellers any more of me good money. For fawteen years I've been payin' yez twenty cints a wake an', begorry, I'm not dead yet!

Ananias was the original "prominent man who did not care to have his name mentioned."

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AN ATTENTIVE DAUGHTER.

HE (after marriage).—I don't see why you are not as considerate of my comfort as you used to be of your father's.

SHE.—Why, my dear, I am!

HE.—How do you make that out? When I come into the house I have to hunt around for my slippers and everything else I happen to want; but when I used to court you, and your father would come in from down-town, you would rush around gathering up his things, wheel his easy chair up to the fire, warm his slippers, and get him both a head-rest and a foot-rest, so that all he had to do was to drop right down and be comfortable.

SHE.—Oh, that was only so he'd go to sleep sooner!—*New York Weekly.*

A COY MAIDEN.

A girl in Neodesha played "post-office" at a party the other night and yelled, and shrieked, and howled, and ran behind the door, and scratched the young man's face in seven places, upset a lamp, kicked over the piano-stool, and when he finally kissed her on the tip of the ear she fainted dead away and said she could never look anybody in the face again. They led the bashful, modest, gentle, sobbing creature home, and the next day she ran away with a lightning-rod pedler.—*Altoona (Kan.) Tribune.*



EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRESS-AGENT.

FOOTLIGHTS.—What makes him so stuck-up? Has he got an engagement?

ONENIGHTS.—Better than that. He's been named as co-respondent in a divorce suit.

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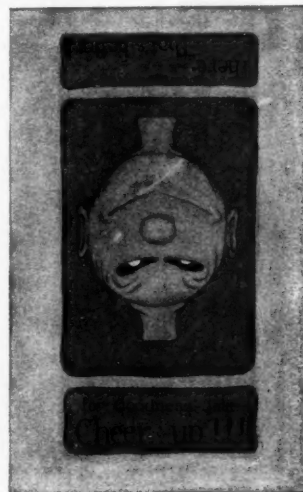
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The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.
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ALAS!

WEARY WILLIAM RHOADES.—Sir, can you spare a few crumbs of sustenance for a poor unfort 'nit, thrown out of work through no fault of his own?

MR. COBB.—Huh! The likes of *you* work. What 'dju ever work at?

WEARY WILLIAM RHOADES.—I was de foreman in a factory where dey manufactured hip pads an' udder upholstery to enhance de form of lovely woman. Owin' to a fallin' off in business on account of de straight lines now in vogue, we had to shut up de shop.



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Write the VAL. BLATZ BREWING Co., mentioning this paper, for their
interesting booklet entitled: "A Genial Philosopher."

THE TRUTHFUL BARD.

The poet now gets in his roundelay
On spring; there is no power to make
him hush.
He pipes of flowers in a jocund way,
The while the streets outside are full
of slush.—*Lippincott's*.

NO ROOM FOR ARGUMENT.

"Yes," said the young wife, proudly,
"father always gives something expensive when he makes presents."
"So I discovered when he gave you away," rejoined the young husband.
And with a large, open-faced sigh
he continued to audit the monthly
bills of his alleged better-half.—*Chicago News*.

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"Look at me!" exclaimed the stout, florid man.
"Never a day's sickness in my life! And all due to simple food. Why, gents, from the time I was twenty to when I reached forty years, I lived a regular life. None of these effeminate delicacies for me! No late hours! Every day, summer and winter, I went to bed at nine; got up at five; lived principally on corned beef and corn bread. Worked hard, gents, worked hard, from eight to one; then dinner, plain dinner; then an hour's exercise; and then——"

"Excuse me, Bill," interrupted a stranger, who had up to this refrained from entering the discussion; "but what were you in for?"—*Associated Sunday Magazine*.

Pears'

A soft, fine grained skin
is a valued possession.

Pears' Soap gives title to
ownership.

Established in 1789.

AT A NORTH CAROLINA WEDDING.

"Them as the Lord has jined, let no man put asunder," says the parson.

"Parson," says the bridegroom, "I rises to question your grammar in that sentence. We wants this wedding done right."

When the smoke had cleared away, the bride looked around on a dead minister, a dead brother, a dead bridegroom, and several other dead men lying near, and sighed.

"Them new-fangled, self-cockin' revolvers," said she, "sure has played hob with my prospects."—*Boston Transcript*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 3c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 905 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keepers' Friend

CONVENIENCE.

"Dat new neighbor has his place arranged mighty cozy an' convenient," said Miss Miami Brown.

"Yas'm," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Da's 'bout de mos' convenientes' place I knows of. He's got de chicken coop right nex' to de back fence, an' de watermelon patch nex' to de chicken coop."—*Washington Star*.

THE young man leads his bride to the altar, but that's as far as he goes in the leading business.—*The Meddler*.

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MONEY AND THE LADY.

CHECKERS.—Years ago I had money to burn, and I burnt it!

NECKERS.—How?

CHECKERS.—On an old flame of mine!—*Lippincott's*.

A PIANOLA in the parlor and a shrunken piece of bacon in the larder do not harmonize.—*The Meddler*.

THE PRICE OF IT.

"There," said Borem, "that's what I think you should do in the matter. I'm no lawyer, but this is just a little bit of advice that costs you nothing. What do you think of it?"

"Well," replied Wise, "it's worth it."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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A HAPPY, joyful beverage with all the mirth of the hop pickers and fragrance of the glorious hop fields in every bottle. A genuine "touch of Nature" that carries a substantial smack and an afterglow of satisfaction.

In "Splits" as well as regular-size bottles. Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, and Dealers Everywhere. C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y. Established 1780.

JUSTIFIED.

"You are charged with having violently assaulted the plaintiff while in a public resort. What have you to say?"

"Judge, the orchestra was rendering the 'Sextette' from 'Lucia,' and that fellow sat right behind me and persisted in whistling it through his teeth."

"The prisoner is discharged. The plaintiff is fined eleven dollars for action calculated to provoke an assault."—*The Commoner*.



LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.

"Spain is a realm of old romance, a land of story and song."

"What's the matter with Indiana?"—*Kansas City Journal*.



CONSIDERATION.

Her hat's absurd and out of date;

Her hair is, too, we fear;

We heard her say: "How fortunate

They put me 'way back here!"

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.

"Its Purity Has Made It Famous." 50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.



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THE BEGINNER'S TROUBLES.

"The caddie," said the beginner at golf, telling his troubles, "was so sarcastic and impudent I felt like cracking him over the head."

"Why didn't you?" asked his friend.

"Well — er — you see, I wasn't sure which would be the proper club to use for that purpose!"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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"Five months ago I started with a \$5 hoss. By trading critters sixteen times, I have worked up to yon magnificent animal. What will ye gimme fer him?"

"Four dollars."—*Kansas City Journ'l.*

"ARE you related to Barney O'Brien?" Thomas O'Brien was once asked.

"Very distantly," replied Thomas. "I was me mother's first child—Barney was th' sivinteenth."—*Everybody's.*

HER MOTHER.—Mabel, dear, do you ever feel timid about asking your husband for money?

THE BRIDE.—No, indeed, mama; but he seems to be rather timid about giving it to me.—*Chicago News.*

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refinement
in the way
of a smoke

CAMBRIDGE
the regular size

AMBASSADOR
after-dinner size

In Little Brown Boxes

He.—Fifty miles an hour! Are you brave?

SHE (after swallowing another pint of dust).—Yes, dear, I'm full of grit.—*Chicago News.*

"HAVE you heard that Jim has quit smoking?"

"No."

"Yes; you see, he is a little near-sighted, and the other day he emptied his pipe in a powder-barrel."—*Bohemian.*

AN Irish tenant who had just bought under the land-purchase act boasted to the agent that his landlord was now "God Almighty" and that he need fear nothing.

"Don't you be too sure, Pat," was the reply. "Remember, God Almighty evicted his first two tenants."—*Philadelphia Record.*

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A mellow, mature whiskey, scientifically distilled, carefully aged in charred oak barrels, and bottled in bond under Government supervision. The Government green stamp over the cork of each bottle is a guarantee of age, proof and quantity.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
PITTSBURG, PA.

THE TEACHER.—Now, Johnny, you may tell me how the earth is divided.

THE PUPIL.—By earthquakes!—*Cleveland Leader.*



REPARTEE.

OLE MISS COKEY.—Wha's yo' gwine wifout a numbreller day like this, Gladys Mokeyby?

YOUNG MISS MOKEYBY.—Dunno as it's any 'fair ob yourn, Miss Cokey. Wha's yo' gwine wif a numbreller?

Sliced Oranges are made still more appetizing by a few dashes of Abbott's Bitters. Try it at to-morrow's breakfast.

FREDERICK REMINGTON, the illustrator, fresh from a Western trip on which he had been making studies of Indians and cowpunchers and things outdoors, met an art editor who insisted upon dragging him up to an exhibition of very impressionistic pictures.

"You don't seem enthusiastic," remarked the editor, as they were coming out. "Did n't you like them?"

Remington, remembering what he had been told as a boy, counted ten before replying. Then:

"Like 'em? Say! I've got two maiden aunts in New Rochelle that can knit better pictures than those!"—*Everybody's.*

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SO YOU'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW.

By E. Frederick.

Photogravure in Septa, 10 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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THE WATCHFUL CHAPERON.

"I wish that young man would not take Ethel so far out."
By Gordon H. Grant.

Photogravure in Septa, 10 x 15 in.

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• WHEN HE ARRIVES •



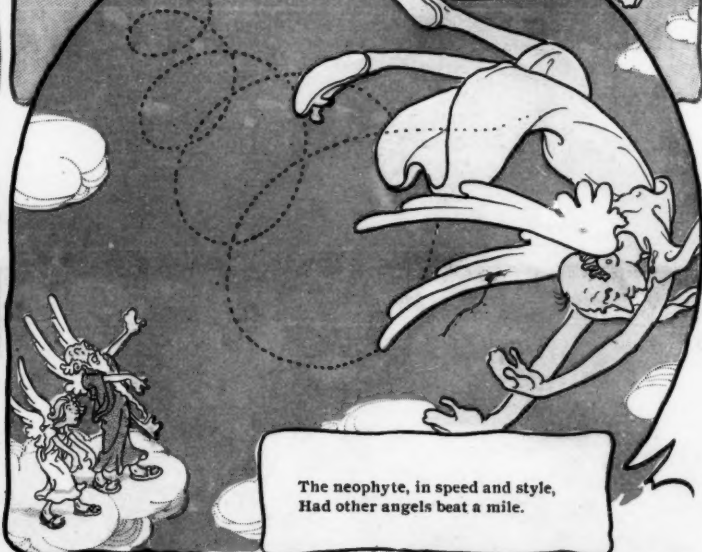
Now when the novice came on high
They sought to teach him how to fly.



But, with a smile upon his face,
He took a header into space.



And as in graceful curves he flew,
The wonder of St. Peter grew.



The neophyte, in speed and style,
Had other angels beat a mile.



He finished on a piece of cloud.
And to St. Peter smiled and bowed,
And then they found, to their delight,
The neophyte was Wilbur Wright.

Wilton Budge